

THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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Where Is Bethlehem?

Where shall I find Thee, Gracious Child,
O Saviour blessed, this night,—
When Thou shalt come to us,—somehow beguiled
To earth from heav'n's supreme delight?

How shall I worship Thee, whom Angel throngs
Forever praise,—and ever still
Despite their myriad voiced supernal songs
Thy meed of praises fail to fill?

How shall I, Lord, love Thee whom Saints above
Love with so hot desires
That endless ages spent in fiercest love
Shall never quench nor dim their fires?

That I might haste across the farthest sea
To find Thee poor, in need,
And bring myself some comfort small to Thee
For all who passing, pay no heed!

O where is Bethlehem? Where shall I meet
Thee or the Virgin fair?
Tell me, that love may haste my eager feet,
And dawn shall find me kneeling there!

"Where sick eyes glow with fev'rish fire,—where
Babes cry in vain for bread,—
Where human hearts are sad and sore, ay there
Deep-visioned Faith sees me instead.

Upon the Altar-throne,—within the heart's deep,
Who seeketh, findeth Me;
Where duty calls, there Angels vigil keep
Where duty calls, My Bethlehem shall be!"

—Augustine Zeller, C. Ss. R.

ANTI-CATHOLIC FORCES AT WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES

C. PROTESTANT PROSELYTISM.

It is needless to dwell on the fact that the majority of American non-Catholics in the Philippines live on the best of terms with their Catholic neighbors. Not a few of them who never came much in touch with Catholic life before, return to the States with a new and better understanding of the Catholic Church, and some of them return as converts.

There are a few American Protestants however, who spend vast sums of money in an effort to ruin the Catholic faith of the Filipinos. And there are some emissaries of Protestant missionary societies, who receive large salaries, and the chief result of whose work in the Philippines seems to be the ruin of Christianity among certain sections of the natives.

These men set up a Catholic Church of their own imagining, and then go to work to destroy it, and the result, only too often, is that they destroy all Christian faith in the souls of their unfortunate victims. There are Protestant missionary agents, for instance, who build up an imaginary Catholic Church in which the bible is a closed book, and in which priests and people are even forbidden to read the sacred text, lest they should discover the error of their ways. Then these agents open up various institutions and invite young Filipinos to enter them, and to learn the pure religion of the bible. As an inducement board and education are given free, or on very easy terms, and as the Filipino is often poor, he is led on by the inducement, with the result that these proselytising institutions are generally crowded.

Do Americans who lavish money in support of such proselytising societies ever pause to consider to what contemptible end their money is applied? It is used merely to bribe men and women, or rather mere boys and girls, of another faith to sell their consciences for bread or a cheap living. Many agents of Protestant sects come here to the Philippines and say to the natives as plainly as words can put it: "Give up your faith, and we will give you bread and butter. We have money. Come to us and give up the faith that is in you."

Every line of the fine appeal which Adelaide Proctor (herself a distinguished convert from Protestantism) addressed to the English societies that were working for the destruction of the faith of Irish

Catholics, might well be addressed also to the emissaries of American Protestant societies in the Philippines. Well indeed may it be said to them, with the change of the one word "*England*":

"Cursed is the food and the raiment
 For which a soul is sold;
 Tempt not another Judas
 To barter God for gold.
 You offer food and shelter
 If they their faith deny:—
 What will you gain, O England,
 By such a shallow lie? . . .
 We will not judge the tempted,—
 May God blot out their shame,—
 He sees the misery round them,
 He knows man's feeble frame; . . .
 Leave them to that great mother
 In whose bosom they were born;
 Leave them the holy mysteries
 That comfort the forlorn: . . .
 Leave them the pitying Angels
 And Mary's gentle aid,
 For which earth's dearest treasures
 Were not too dearly paid."

—Procter's *Poems*, p. 376.

Money is often used for contemptible purposes, but surely in all this wide earth there is no purpose more contemptible than to use money for traffic in the consciences and the souls of others.

It would serve no useful purpose to enumerate here all the various Protestant societies that are at work amongst the Catholic Filipinos. There are Protestant medical missions and dormitories (as hostels are called in the Philippines) and all manner of educational establishments, with a few churches. As an example of a Protestant home of learning opened at cheap rates in the Philippines, the Silliman Institute of Dumaguete (Negros Island) may be mentioned. This school, which counts probably close on a thousand pupils, was opened in the year 1901. It owes its origin to a fund supplied by Dr. H. B. Silliman, of Cohoes, New York. It is supported and carried on by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. All, or very nearly all, the students of the Silliman Institute are

baptised Catholics, and as the Institute is built in the midst of a Catholic population, apparently one of its chief objects is to win young Filipinos from their Catholic faith, and to cast them into that chaos of religious beliefs which is termed Protestantism. To the support of this institution 40,000 dollars were subscribed in the United States in the course of two recent years. "A fine spirited student body of familiar and new faces," wrote a Silliman student recently, describing his institute at the beginning of the present school year, "crowded into the hall to take part in the first chapel exercises and to hear the address of the President." Here we have at work the "Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States." The students, even those just come fresh from their Catholic homes, begin their school year by being marshalled into the Presbyterian chapel to take part in an alien worship, and then they have education dispensed to them on easy terms. Education is all very fine, but, as Adelaide Proctor says again in her "*Appeal*":

"God will not ask for knowledge
On the great judgment day."

"BY THEIR FRUITS YOU SHALL KNOW THEM."

God alone can know to its full extent what the loss of grace means to the Filipino boys and girls who are deprived, by Protestant proselytism, of all the help of the sacraments of the Church. But besides the loss of the sacraments there are other sad losses inflicted upon them. For instance the proselytiser seeks almost invariably to root out of the hearts of his converts the love of our Blessed Lady. When one enters a house in the Philippines one can very often tell if the proselytiser has been at work there by a mere glance at the walls. In Catholic homes the pictures of the saints, and especially of the Queen of Saints, get an honored place. In fact in nearly every Catholic home in the Philippines there are two or three or more pictures of her whom, despite all efforts to root her love out of the hearts of men, all generations shall still call blessed. Her gentle eyes look down upon countless Filipino families, and her image and example and power lift them up beyond their surroundings, to things higher and purer and nearer to God. But when the proselytiser goes to work one of his first cares is to have the picture of God's Mother destroyed. There is nothing about her picture "in the pure religion of the bible". (By the way is there anything in it about his own mother's picture which he has

probably hung up somewhere in an honoured place in his own comfortable house?)

When our Lady's picture or statue is removed from a Filipino home its place is seldom left unoccupied. It is filled by pictures of theatrical stars, or other "beauties". And when the proselytiser visits a pervert home and sees the image of God's Mother replaced by that of some semi-nude New York celebrity, he feels surely that the funds which American Protestant societies are pouring into this country, are being well and wisely expended.

Nor are these results the only ones produced in the Philippines by Protestant proselytisers. There is a result which is, if possible, more serious still. As has been always intimated, it is an undeniable fact, witnessed by many who have experience of the Philippines, that one of the chief results of proselytism here is, not that some Filipinos are won over from the old faith to some new-fangled Protestant sect, but that all Christianity is destroyed in their souls. Cases are constantly met with, all over the Philippine Islands, which show the chief effect of proselytism to be the destruction of all Christian belief in the minds of many young Filipinos. The fact is that Filipinos, in their own way, have arrived at a conclusion that is fast gaining ground in Europe and America, and that is, that in matters of religion there is question of either the Catholic Church or nothing. "Catholic belief or no faith whatever," is a formula which has gained wide acceptance all the world over, and which has brought countless souls within the threshold of the Catholic Church.*

Proselytising methods undermine Catholic belief in the case of

*The chaos which exists outside the Church, and which is being realised more and more every day, was so well described a few years ago in a Liverpool paper, that the description is worth reproducing even at the risk of a little digression. The piece was entitled "*The Church of England*"; the writer, then at least, was not a Catholic. Here it is:

"Lashed on the bosom of a sunlit sea,
What time the bell upon the bar was tolling,
I saw a vessel slowly rolling
Upon the hidden breakers all alee.
Split sails, sprung masts, and drifting helplessly.
No captain o'er her crowded deck patrolling,
No steersman her insane career controlling:
Only a foolish, vain ship's company.
'Twas not the tide that washed them to their death:
'Twas not the storm that lashed them to their doom:
'Twas not the want of compass or sea-rule,
But mutiny the hatchways underneath,
And ignorance that mocked the coming gale,
And folly in whirlwind carrying sail."

many Filipinos, and when Catholic belief is gone, there is no faith whatever left to replace it. Would to God that Protestant missionary societies could only realise this—that the money they pour out so lavishly on the Philippines has often for chief result the destruction of Christianity in the souls of young men and women. The Redemptorist Fathers, on their missions, come in contact with many young Filipinos, home from Protestant institutions. Some of these young people are still Catholics, very few are Protestants, while only too many have lost all Christian faith.

"I will not give you one cent," a non-Catholic Englishman, resident in the Philippines, recently declared to a Protestant minister who was begging money for his church. "Leave the Filipinos alone," he continued, "and if you desire to spread Christianity go and work in the slums of New York or Paris or London, and when you are there, write to me, and I will generously contribute to your work."

One would like to publish the name of this English gentleman, but as he related the incident only in conversation afterwards, the writer does not feel at liberty to mention his name. Other non-Catholics however have expressed themselves strongly on this subject and have published their opinions to the world. With an extract from the works of one or other of these writers this matter may here be brought to a conclusion.

Frederic H. Sawyer is so far from inviting Protestant missionary societies to work among the Catholic Filipinos, that he concludes his book *The Inhabitants of the Philippines* with an appeal to Americans to support the Jesuit missions. He says it is "incumbent upon the Roman Catholics of America to find the means of continuing the good work". He then continues: "I feel sure that this will be so—Christian charity will not fail, and the missions will be maintained . . . To my mind they [the Jesuit missionaries he had come in contact with in Mindanao] realise very closely the ideal of what a Christian missionary should be. Although a Protestant born and bred, I see in that no reason to close my eyes to their obvious merit."

Fred W. Atkinson, first American General Superintendent of Education in the Philippines, writes as follows:

"Conditions are such as to urge the Roman Catholic Church in the United States to send its best material just as soon as an adequate supply of them can be made available to revivify and reunite the Philippine Catholic Church, for it is the religion best suited to the

temperament, spirit, and character of the various Filipino races . . . Philippine Catholicism is in reality the concrete embodiment of the spirit and character of the people; it has become so intermixed in their very fiber, it seems so naturally fitted to them and accommodates itself so perfectly to their nature, that it cannot be doubted, however loath Protestant missionaries may be to accept the conclusion, that it alone is the religion for these people and will continue to be."—*The Philippine Islands*, Chap. XII.

Miss Mary H. Fee, who lived and taught for years in the Philippines, writes as follows in her very readable book *A Woman's Impressions of the Philippines* (Chap. XV):

"To the complacent Protestant Evangelist who smacks his lips in anticipation of the future conquest of these Islands, I would say frankly that there is no room for Protestantism in the Philippines . . . Protestantism will, of course, make some progress so long as the fire is artificially fanned. There will always be found a few who cling ardently to it. But most Americans with whom I have talked (and their name is legion) have agreed with me in thinking that it will never be strong here . . . Roman Catholicism is just what the Filipino needs . . . I am quite sure that the Catholic clergy are certain that Protestantism holds no threats for the Church in the Philippines other than that it may be the opening wedge in a schism which will send the Filipino not only out of the Church, but to rationalism of the most Voltairian hue."

(To be continued.)

T. A. MURPHY, C. Ss. R.

Little children give their mother the headache, but if she lets them have their own way, when they grow up to be great children they will give her the heartache.—*Spurgeon*.

OUT OF BOUNDS

A Little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
That Sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all,
Join in to get Him back His ball!

—*Father Tabb*.

TAKING HIS PLACE

I.

Arthur Mack is taking the preparatory course for the diocesan Seminary. To all appearances he is clever, cheerful and pious. He easily makes friends and admirers. As far as human prudence can judge he seems "cut out to be a priest". But that third vacation—"ah! there's the rub." He has joined companions who made too much of him and eventually had him do for them what they were perhaps afraid to do themselves. Somehow, too, certain fair looking lassies have made an impression on him during this same vacation, and now he dreams about them. He returns to college, but is a changed boy, he takes to building air-castles and neglects study. Again and again he dreams of the co-called sweets of vacation, and gradually drifts into indifference. He becomes discontented, and in his discontent grows at times even desperate. Thus he is in league with the rascals who smuggle contraband into college; but as proofs are not strongly and not clearly enough against him to cause his expulsion, he is given a sound warning. Then the devil puts it into his head that the priesthood was never made for him. Instead of bracing up and following the right path, Arthur begins to brood and imagines himself to possess all manner of qualities undesirable in a priest. There is no perceptible amendment in his conduct, and so, after a while, in order to avoid expulsion he sends in his resignation and asks for an honorable dismissal.

The day Arthur left college he was just beaming with smiles and looked so happy. But this happiness was shortlived and false; he was not long at home when he saw that the world was not what he thought it would be; that he could no longer spend his time in idleness, but had to work. He found too, that a good position was not at once open to an inexperienced hand. And, what was worse, those whom he had thought friends, and those very girls who had taken his fancy, now turned their backs upon him; they considered him a coward for having given up what before he had so earnestly espoused. This did not mend matters nor put him in better humor, and he sadly missed the college chums of old.

For a year and a half he was discouraged and unsuccessful. He seemed unable to apply his mind to anything definite. No position suited him; he went from place to place, till, disheartened and con-

vinced that he should have remained at the "Petite Seminaire", he begged admittance to another college. He was determined, so he thought, to take up and piece together the broken strands of divine grace and follow the path marked out for him. The start anew seemed good; but, after some time, the difficulty of the task seemed appalling to him; he succumbed again; fell by the wayside; was expelled this time; and returned to the world—a failure. Happily he occasionally received the Sacraments, and, at the advice of his confessor, made it a point to pray for those souls who would have come under his care had he become a priest.

II.

Phil Burke's natural sympathy for the suffering and the needy prompted him to embrace the medical profession. At the time of our story, he was intern at St. Vincent's Hospital. One day there was an unusual run of work and it took all the Doctor's innate cheerfulness and tact to keep from growing grouchy; his nerves and forces were all astrain. Consequently he was glad when the other intern relieved him. As he was walking along the surgical floor on his way from duty, he passed the recovery room, where a nurse, engaged in watching a patient just from an operation, was trying to control a violent nosebleed that had seized her. Charity and the gentleman in Dr. Burke prompted him to relieve the nurse temporarily; but *self* and the tired feeling said to him: "It is not your duty to help her; your time is up now. Why should you bother about her?" A moment's indecision and grace won: he took the nurse off and asked her to send a substitute; that he would look after the patient in the meanwhile. Little did Dr. Burke dream of what was in store for him as a result of this act of charity. As the patient was coming to, he spoke of things that before the operation had worried him. There were incoherent sentences—some foolish, some sensible, but from all one could recognize this prevailing idea: "I know I was wrong. I have lost my vocation. My God, have mercy on the souls I should have saved; send somebody to take my place." The patient was—Arthur Mack.

That night as the Doctor lay in bed he could not get Arthur's words out of his mind; the more he tried to go asleep and banish them, the more persistently did they return and keep him awake. "Who," he thought, "will care for the souls he should have saved?" Once the good Doctor was almost saying to himself that he would take Arthur's place, but—finally he fell asleep, tired and exhausted.

As days went on, the patient took very kindly to the Doctor whom he found to be from his home town, and before the patient left the hospital, he had imparted sufficient of his life's story to make Dr. Burke think of what Arthur might have done had he become a priest. And for the first time Dr. Burke saw the lesson of a lost vocation. How many more such cases was he to meet in later years? God only knows.

III.

Twelve years later Dr. Burke sat quietly musing over experiences of the past, when a hurry call was announced: somebody on Warren Street—evidently dying. Dr. Burke lost no time; and when he arrived he saw immediately the patient had not long to live. The patient unburdened himself to the Doctor, and as he did so, the Doctor went alternately hot and cold; he had heard much of this story before. Compassion and supreme joy fought for the mastery: here was his first sick-call as a physician of the soul; for the physician of the body, the intern of twelve years ago, had no rest till he had become a Doctor of Divinity. Here was his first opportunity to reconcile a dying man to God and to breathe comfort into a hitherto much troubled mind. The absolution and last sacraments had been given when the patient radiant with joy and gratitude, said: "Father, now I die in peace; now I am really happy." There had been a mutual recognition; and the priest replied: "Yes; and by God's grace I am happy to have taken your place." Doctor and patient of old, Arthur Mack and Phil Burke, had met again, and that for the last time on earth. As the Doctor wended his way home, he murmured a prayer of deep thanksgiving and mused almost aloud: Great and wonderful are Thy works, O Lord; praised be Thy name! (Cf. Apos. XV, 3.)

PAUL O. BALZER, C. Ss. R.
Rome, Italy,

The first film of ice is hardly perceptible. Keep the water stirring, and you will prevent the ice from hardening. But once it film over and remain so, it thickens over the surface, and it thickens still. At last it is so solid that a wagon might be drawn over the frozen water. So with our conscience. It films over gradually, and at last it becomes hard, unfeeling; and then it can bear a weight of iniquity.—*Simpson*.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—*Joubert*.

THE SORROWFUL NIGHT

The scene. The spacious halls of Caiphas' palace were still ringing with that awful sentence: "He is guilty of death." The councilors were still standing in a semi-circle; the rent of mock-sorrow was ostentatiously displayed in their garments. It was their moment of triumph! Their hearts were seething with wild, ferocious passion. Deeply did they hate Our Lord, for often had He rebuked, confounded them. And now: He was their helpless victim. They had long sought His death by force and trick; and were many a time compelled to bite their lips in humiliating defeat. And now: He was at their mercy. It would have been passing strange if they had not wreaked their vengeance on Him then and there. The Gospels tell us in harrowing details how they ill-treated Our Lord that night. We almost shudder with horror as the long list of indignities is unfolded. They spat on Him. They struck His holy face with clenched fists and open palms. They blind-folded Him, and then derisively bade Him tell who it was that struck Him.

THE MOCKERY.

"Then did they spit in his face." (St. Mt. XXVI, 67.) Surely you cannot imagine a more shocking mark of loathing and contempt. You would think that even the basest soul must shrink in horror from such a deed. Seneca has left us a little story of Aristides the Just. He was brought to trial in Athens. His enemies manipulated the proceedings of the trial so well that he was sentenced to endure the humiliation of being spit upon. But who would dare inflict this outrage on a person so distinguished for the services he had rendered his country? It was only with considerable difficulty that they could find a person ready to carry out the sentence. And this,—even among his worst enemies. But Our Lord? We may be apt to consider Job as the greatest of sufferers. Yet his bitterest anguish was envenomed by the mere thought of such indignity: "Now I am turned into their song, and am become their by-word. They abhor me, and are not afraid to spit in my face." (XXX, 10.) The Rabbins enacted that none should spit on the ground while on the temple-hill. It was out of reverence for the Holy Place. It was considered an offence simply to spit before another. Yes, they knew how to respect men of earth. But the Son of God, Our Lord and Savior—how could they defile His holy Face so foully! However, one reflection must fill us with

salutary grief: after such love on His part, our sins must cause Him still deeper pain!

'And others struck his face.' Shame and pain go hand in hand all through His fearful Passion. He had raised His hand over them to heal and bless. And they repay Him with such cruel blows! In the Old Testament we read how God avenged any violation of the holiness of the Ark of his Covenant. The Bethsamites looked into it curiously, and God slew them (I Kings, VI, 19). Oza just put forth his hand to the Ark of God, and took hold of it: God struck him, and he died for his rashness (II Kings, VI, 6-7). Job of old lamented: "Now my sorrow hath oppressed me." And why? "They have opened their mouths upon me, and reproaching me they have struck me on the cheek" (XVI, 8-11). And yet he is only speaking in fear of such an outrage. All through the varied history of the Old Testament there is but one single case on record where a person is actually struck. "And Sedecias the son of Chanaana came, and struck Micheas on the cheek, and said: Hath then the Spirit of the Lord left me, and spoken to thee?" (III Kings, XXII, 24). Outrages so keenly felt, so isolated in the annals of man, now gather in showers over the head of the God-man. Will Our Lord stir even a finger to protect Himself? No, He enchained His omnipotence and let loose only the floods of His love for us: "I have given my body to the strikers, and my cheeks to them that plucked them; I have not turned away my face from them that rebuked me and spit upon me" (Isaias, L, 6).

"And they blindfolded him" (St. Luke, XXII, 64). They bound a wretched rag around that face so fair and holy. How many a soul has longed to look on it but once, and be consoled! How long has christian art lingered on its lineaments and put forth all the powers of genius to retrace its features! Angels in heavenly joy, and Saints in endless bliss find their sweetest pleasure in looking on that face. And these roughians cover it! Who knows where they found that strip of cloth; how vile and soiled and dirty it was! "They smote his face; and they asked him saying: Prophecy, who is it that struck thee. And blaspheming many other things they said against him." Only a few single instances are pointed out and then the veil is gently drawn over the sufferings of that night. Well enough had He proven that He was truly a prophet. They could search their own memories and recall with chagrin how He had read the secrets of their hearts. They need but ask the first passer-by in the streets and would be told:

"Concerning Jesus of Nazareth who was a prophet, mighty in word and work before God and all the people" (St. Luke, XXIV, 19). Just now Our Lord gave them no sign of His power, and they felt that they had nothing to fear, and gleefully went on with their sport. Sometimes when we read certain magazine articles or summarized lectures in the daily papers, we realize how all this scene is renewed. Once more modern biblical scholars tie the mean rag of "Criticism" about His Holy Face. And when they have hid His divinity from their gaze, they too, mock at His miracles and prophecies. And when He does not deign to give them a sign of His power, they exult as if victory were theirs. Poor Critics!

IN THE PALACE-HALL.

Who would dare thus to outrage the Man-God? When Our Lord protected the woman taken in sin, He challenged the Scribes and Pharisees that had brought her: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Not one made bold to take up that gauntlet. "But they hearing this, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest" (St. John, VIII, 7-9). But on this night when Our Lord Himself is the victim; just when His innocence was proven to the hilt by the collapse of all the charges preferred,—then who dares to hurl the first stone of outrage? In all probabilities it was the Pharisees themselves. We might think that a sense of personal dignity should restrain them from a deed so low and cowardly. Nevertheless the text of the Gospels points to the contrary. St. Matthew leaves hardly any chance to doubt it. For in vv. 65-66 he describes the conduct of these Pharisees: "Then the High-priest rent his garments, saying He hath blasphemed, what further need have we of witnesses? Behold, now you have heard the blasphemy. What think you? But they answering said: He is guilty of death." Then in verse 67 he proceeds to tell us what else they did. "Then did they spit in his face, and buffet him, etc." The same persons are the agents: those who pronounced the death-sentence are the very same ones that so inhumanly outrage Him. If possible, St. Mark is still more distinct (XIV, 65). First he distinguishes the person: "And some began to spit on him." Now in the preceding verse he too has spoken of the High-priest and his colleagues in crime. Then he concludes the verse: "And the servants struck him." So these "some" of the Councillors are distinguished from the crowd of the common menials. He furthermore distinguishes the various stages in this series of in-

sults. "And some began" while the servants simply join in what has been going on for some time. But if you will glance at the Greek text whence our English translation is taken, you will notice another clue. For there the last clause literally and roughly reads thus: "and the servants with blows took him" (i. e. into custody). When the Pharisees had glutted their spite, they handed Him over to the guards to be kept for the night.

COMMITTED TO THE GUARDS.

Before the Councillors dispersed, a few orders were given. Another session was announced for the early morning when the final steps would be taken in the matter. In the meantime the members of the Sanedrim could retire to their homes for a few hours of rest. One thing may be taken for granted: the guards selected were all of them, picked men; just the sort of ruffins on whom the Pharisees could best rely. They showed their caliber, the moment Our Lord was delivered to their keeping: "And the servants received him with blows." Of course they were given stringent orders to keep a sharp watch over Him. Probably they were even reminded that they must answer for Him with their lives. Such severity seems to have been in vogue at the time among Romans and Jews alike. When St. Peter had been cast into prison by King Herod, an angel came to set him free. "And when Herod sought for him, and found him not, having examined the keepers, he commanded that they should be put to death" (Acts, XII, 19). Again, when St. Paul reached Philippi, he was scourged and then thrown into prison. "And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken. And immediately all the doors were opened; and the bonds of all were loosed. And the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the doors of the prison open, drawing his sword, he would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoner had fled" (Acts, XVI, 26). He knew very well what fate awaited him if the prisoners had escaped. And further on in the same Book of the Acts, we come across an example of the high-handed and pitiless measures which such guards were liable to take in regard to their prisoners. St. Paul himself was now a prisoner on board a ship that should convey him to Rome. There were other prisoners on the same vessel with him. But a terrific storm arose and the good ship ran aground on the Island of Melita. "And the soldiers' counsel was, that they should kill the prisoners; lest any of them, swimming out, should escape" (XXVII, 42). The

commander however, who was anxious to save St. Paul prevented the execution of their wish. Now in Our Lord's case, the Pharisees were determined that He should not slip out of their clutches. Already at His capture in the garden, Judas had warned the soldiers: "Lead him away carefully." No doubt the Councillors impressed similar lessons on the guards ere they adjourned for the night. But alas! caution was not the only lesson; they had taught them cruelty. They had set an example which the menials would construe into a permission, or rather an encouragement. These ruffians had seen how the High-priest and his crew had maltreated Our Lord. They too in turn vented all their malice on their unresisting prey. They not only received Him with blows; but they also drove Him on with blows toward the prison-hole where they meant to keep Him for the night.

WAITING TILL DAWN.

From the Council-hall their way led through the outer courtyard, where the rest of the soldiers were huddled around the fires and crowds of curious sight-seers had gathered. Here too was St. Peter. At some future time we may return to this scene in order to study the story of his sin and his repentance; for the present, let us follow Our Lord. Holy Writ does not tell us how He was kept till the morning assembly. Yet we may perhaps glean an illustration from the imprisonment of the prophet Jeremias. "Wherefore the princes were angry with Jeremias, and they beat him and cast him into the prison that was in the house of Jonathan the scribe; for he was chief over the prison." In our case then it seems quite likely that there was some sort of prison in the palace of Annas and Caiphas; for if court and trial were held here, a prison would be almost a necessary adjunct. They were the heads of the civil administration, at least to a great extent. Besides it was an easy matter to arrange a prison. An abandoned cistern, even though the floor was still covered with water or slime, would serve admirably. Let us turn to Jeremias again: "So Jeremias went into the house of the prison, and into the dungeon." The Hebrew word corresponding to "dungeon" designates a deep hole, or pit, or cistern. In several other places of Holy Writ we notice that cisterns served as prisons. Of course they were cold, and clammy, and moist,—but they were safe. Thus far we consulted the prophecy of Jeremias ch. XXXVII, vv. 14-15. If we pass on to the next chapter (XXXVIII, v. 6) we find him in prison again: "Then they took Jeremias and cast him into the dungeon of Melchias, the son of

Amelech, which was in the entry of the prison. They let down Jeremias by ropes into the dungeon, wherein there was no water but mire; and Jeremias sunk into the mire." It must have been a horrible place to stay in; and Jeremias gives us every assurance of it when he begs the king: "Send me not back to the house of Jonathan the scribe, lest I die there" (XXXVII, v. 19). Now Our Lord's enemies were every whit as spiteful, and probably more cruel than the foes of Jeremias. In all probability one or more of the soldiers remained on guard through the remaining hours of the night. This we may infer from the nature of the case, and the analogy of St. Peter's imprisonment, where it is stated that he had to pass through the first and second ward (Acts, XII, 10). With a volley of parting jibes and sneers the guard left Him in darkness and prayer till morn. It may be that Our Lord must often spend many a solitary hour in the Blessed Sacrament; all through the lonely nights, and many a time, all through the livelong day: and how few are those who ever go to visit Him there. Remember the hopeful passage in St. Matthew's Gospel where Our Lord says: Come ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for . . . I was in prison, and you came to me" (XXV, 34-36). Yes, in the Tabernacle He is a prisoner of love for us.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

That little infant frame, white as a snowdrop on the lap of winter, light almost as a snowflake on the chill night-air, smooth as the cushioned drift of snow which the wind has lightly strewn outside the walks of Bethlehem, is at this moment holding within itself, as if it were of adamantine rock, the fires of the beatific light, the stupendous ocean of the mighty Vision, the gigantic play of eternal things that come and go and live within its soul. A Person, omnipotent and infinite, sits within those white walls of fleshly marble, and they do not even vibrate with the marvellous indwelling.

—*Father Faber's "Bethlehem"*.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies amid her worshippers.—*Bryant*.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

"Tomorrow, Mr. Regan," said the purser of the Allondia to the middle aged passenger lounging in the steamer-chair, "your beloved Ireland will be in sight, and if no submarine meets us we shall land tomorrow morning."

"True for you sir," said the passenger, a glad light coming into his clear blue eyes, "and after thirty years away from the dear old land, 'tis meself that will be glad to see it again."

"Thirty years is a long time to be absent, Mr. Regan, and no doubt you will find that things have changed considerably since you left."

"Ah, there you spoke the truth, sir, and I would give all the gold that the Klondike gave me, to have things as they were before I left the old sod."

"So you have been in the Klondike, Mr. Regan?"

"The Klondike is it? Faith, yes, and in almost every other spot that Uncle Sammy owns, from Maine to Florida, and from New York to San Francisco."

"Your life must have been full of interest. No doubt you could relate many adventures did you care to tell them."

"Well not so many, sir. As I said before I am going back to the old land after an absence of thirty years. I was born in Ballina, County Mayo, and was the sixth of a family of seven children. Patrick and Michael, the two oldest, died of the fever the year the potato crop failed, and Mary and Kate married and moved away from Ballina. Peter went off to America and was never heard of after. Then when I was a lad of twelve the father fell sick of the fever and died, and the old mother was left alone with her two youngest children meself and Shaun, a lad of ten. Shaun was a quiet boy who used to spend hours over his book, but I was a harum-scarum chap, wild as a young colt, and continually getting into scrapes and adding more weight to the old mother's load of trouble. 'Shamus, Shamus,' she often said to me, 'if you keep on you'll break your poor old mother's heart.' But neither her reproaches nor her tears had much effect on me, and to crown it all, when I was fifteen, I ran away and came to America."

"And I suppose like all lads who do such things you dreamed of returning in wealth to keep the old mother in luxury for the rest of her days."

"That I did, sir, until about two years after I came across I was told by a former neighbor who had just landed in America, that the old mother was dead, and that people in Ballina said I had broken her heart. After that I cared little what happened, and I became a wanderer, drifting from place to place. Sometimes I was on the top of the heap but more often I was on the bottom. But in all my ups and downs two things remained with me, a desire to go back to Ireland to die and a spark of love for the old faith. And no matter how low I might be, a plea in the name of the old land or the old faith always earned half of what I had. So the years rolled on, and the best part of my life was gone, and I was still a wanderer. When gold was found in Alaska, I drifted into Sitka with the first rush of gold-hunters. I prospected in vain for years and years. At last fortune favored me out. I made a strike. The boat took me back to the States with twenty thousand dollars in gold. I took the first train for the East, and one of the earliest boats from New York, and here I am bound for dear old Ireland. And, please God, Patrick's Day will find me at rest in Ballina. If I could preach to young men from now till me dyin' day I'd talk of nothin' but honorin' the gray hairs of father and mother. I learned me lesson too late."

"Well, Mr. Regan, you have had a hard life and I think that you deserve all the rest that your gold can bring you. For my part I wish you all joy and happiness in it."

"Thank you kindly for that. But it's not much that I'll be wanting, only to find someone who remembers the old times, and to see again the hills and dales of Mayo."

"Well, Mr. Regan, as you yourself have said, St. Patrick's Day will probably find you at Ballina. But see the moon has risen, and I must be going. As I shall be very busy tomorrow we shall hardly meet again, so now I bid you good-bye and good luck."

"Good-bye, Mr. Thomson; if ever you come to Ballina, you'll find a real old Irish welcome, if Shamus Regan is alive."

When the Emerald Isle came in sight next day there was one passenger of the Allondia whose eyes never wandered from the fast approaching shore. Others were looking anxiously at the waves for some threatening signs, but this man never turned his glance from the land. When the cross-crowned spires of Queenstown Cathedral, the first sight that greets the returning exile's eye, were distinguished in the

distance, a tear glistened on this passenger's cheek as he doffed his hat and murmured: "Thank God for bringing me back to dear old Ireland." And when the Allondia docked, Shamus Regan was the first to run down the gang plank to the shore.

All that day Regan rambled through the streets and shops of Queenstown like a lad let lose from school. He was up bright and early the next morning however, and the rising sun found him seated in the smoking compartment of a train bound for Cathnamon.

As the train sped through town and country and each hour brought him nearer to his old home, Regan's heart became lighter, and he chatted gaily with guards and passengers. The train arrived at Cathnamon, about ten miles from Ballina, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and as the road did not pass through Ballina, it became necessary for Regan to procure some other conveyance to carry him thither.

"Do you know of anyone in town who would be willin' to drive me to Ballina tonight?" said he to the landlord of the tavern.

"Faith and I do not, sor," said that worthy, "for ivry conveyance in the town was taken by the boys who went to Castlebar this afternoon to jine in the Patrick's Day parade."

"But man tomorrow is Patrick's Day, and I want to be in Ballina tomorrow if I have to walk to get there."

"Bedad, sor, its walk ye'll have to, unless ye ride in Maloney's ould cart, which same is the only thing on wheels left in the town."

"Where does this Maloney live? Has he a horse?" inquired Regan.

"Ye'll find his house down beyant the mill, and he owns a crature ye might call a horse, if ye don't care what ye say."

"Do ye think he would drive me to Ballina if I paid him well for it?"

"Whether he'll get ye to Ballina with that bag o' bones av his, bedad I can't say, but if ye pay him enough he'll surely try."

Regan soon found Maloney, and succeeded in obtaining his consent to drive him to Ballina. Maloney's conveyance proved to be even worse than the landlord had pictured it. The cart was one such as is ordinarily used by Irish peasants, but it was so old and rickety that Regan looked at it dubiously before climbing to his seat. The horse was a decrepit, spavined creature, that looked as though any breath would be his last. He proved to have some strength left however, for when the driver cracked his whip he set off at a good clip.

"Your horse is a better nag than his looks would show," said Regan

to the driver, an old man of about sixty-five years. "It is just seven o'clock now, at what time do you think you can get me to Ballina?"

"Well sor," said the driver, "if the cart holds out we ought to be there afore half past nine. I don't mistrust Daniel, but I have me fears av the cart."

The cart jolted and bumped over the rough road, and Regan clung to the seat and tried to distinguish familiar landmarks along the road. But since there was no moon this was impossible. And as the motion of the cart was not conducive to conversation the journey was pursued in silence. When they were within two miles of Ballina the driver's fears proved to be well founded. For as they crossed an unusually rocky stretch of road something cracked, and Regan found himself on the side of the road, whilst Maloney was trying to calm Daniel, who was beating a tattoo with his heels on the front of the cart.

"Shure your Honor'll ride no further tonight for it's the axle that's broke and it can't be mended at all, at all," said Maloney with a rueful look at the remains of his vehicle.

"And how am I to get to Ballina?" asked Regan.

"Faith, sor, 'tis sorry I am but ye'll have to walk the rest av the way. But shure, your honor, it's only two miles and ye'll be there afore tin o'clock."

"Well I suppose I'll have to make the best of a bad bargain. Here's a guinea for you Maloney, and the next time you go driving with travellers make sure of your axle."

"That I will, sor, thank ye kindly for the money."

"Well good-night, Maloney, I must be off."

"Good-night and good luck to your honor, kape straight ahead, ye can't miss the road."

So saying Maloney turned again to the impatient Daniel, and Regan set out in the direction of Ballina. After a walk of a little more than half-an-hour, Regan turned a curve in the road and beheld below him at the foot of a hill the lights of his beloved Ballina. He stood for a while at the edge of the road and gazed long and earnestly at the twinkling lights below him.

"Ah," mused he, "the old town seems almost the same as when I left it. Sure there's hardly a light that I don't know. Yonder is the light from 'The Harp and Shamrock', Mike Brady's tavern, and next to that is Paddy Kelly's old house. I wonder where all the Kelly boys are now? And here is Owen McCabes place. And sure that light at

the foot of the hill comes from the church. There ought to be a path near here. Sure enough, here it is. I'll just take a short cut and look in at the church afore I go to the tavern, for the church, thank God, is the one place that is never closed in Ireland."

And musing on these and a hundred other thoughts he started down the hill. He had gone but a few paces however when the earth seemed to open under him. He felt himself falling, falling, and uttered a cry of fear. Then his head struck some sharp object and he knew no more.

When he awoke he heard some one saying: "Who is it boys?"

Then a voice answered: "Its some poor traveller, Father, who missed his way and fell into the new quarry on the side of the hill."

"Carry him into my house," said the first voice, "and some of you go for the doctor."

Then Regan lapsed into unconsciousness.

When he came to, his head was bandaged and one arm was numb, whilst there was something in his chest that choked him when he breathed. A middle aged priest and an elderly man, whom Regan took to be a doctor, were standing by the bed on which he lay.

"How do you feel now, my man?" asked the doctor.

"Kind of queer in the head, sir, and my chest hurts dreadfully," answered Regan. "Where am I?"

"In the house of the parish priest of Ballina," answered the doctor "Are you a Catholic?"

"Faith and I am sir," replied Regan.

"Then I leave him to you, Father, for you are the only one who can help him now," said the doctor to the priest. "My man," said he to Regan, prepare yourself for the long journey, for you are beyond my aid."

For a time Regan lay still, overwhelmed by the words of the doctor. The latter left the room, and the priest began his preparations for administering Extreme Unction. He left the room for a time and then returned and heard Regan's confession. After he had received the Holy Viaticum and had been anointed, the dying man lay with his eyes closed in silent communion with his Lord. When he opened them again the priest was sitting by his bedside.

"Well, Father," said Regan cheerfully, "God's Holy Will be done, is what I now say with all my heart. But at first it seemed hard to

come back after thirty years and be met by death, just as I reached home."

"Thirty years?" said the priest, "And you are not an old man! Were you born near here?"

"Sure, your Reverence, I was born and bred in Ballina. But I've been gone so long I suppose there's no one would remember Shamus Regan."

"Shamus Regan," cried the priest. "Good God, Shamus, is it you? I am your brother Shaun."

"Shaun?" exclaimed the dying man, "And a priest? O God you are too good to a sinner like me." And he burst into tears.

For a long time the brothers surveyed each other silently. The priest sat by the bed with his brother's hand clasped in his, whilst in broken accents the wanderer told the story of his life. "Shaun," he ended weakly, "my gold will do some good to you. Sure it's all yours now. But bring paper and pen before it is too late and write out a will and I'll sign it."

The priest did as requested, and the housekeeper and man-of-all-work were called as witnesses. The injured man signed the will and sank back on the pillow exhausted.

Then the priest took the clammy hand, fast growing cold, in his and poured forth the history of the family from his mother's death. Then Shaun told of his struggles to get on in the parish and keep out of debt.

"But," said he in conclusion, "the people are poor and the old church is falling to ruin. God only knows how I am to keep up the work."

"Faith, Shaun darlint, you're forgetting all about my money!" said the injured man. "Ballina can have the finest kept church in County Mayo."

"True for you!" responded his brother thoughtfully. "Shamus dear, this is the happiest St. Patrick's Day that ever dawned for Ballina. May God reward you for your generosity."

"Pray that He may have mercy on my soul!" said Shamus. "But day is dawning; open the window Shaun. I want to see the sun rise on dear old Ballina."

The priest opened the window, and the cool morning breeze blew into the room. The first faint streaks of light appeared in the East. Outside a lark set up its song. Then the grayish light turned to crim-

son with the first beams of the sun; the sick man pressed his brother's hand and murmured: "Shaun, Mother is here." Then as the sun appeared in all his glory, and the light streamed over hill and valley, wearily the head fell back on the pillow and the sick man breathed a gasping sigh. St. Patrick's Day had dawned, and the prodigal was at rest in his own loved Ballina.

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

AN EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION

After Cardinal Serafini's death, His Eminence, Cardinal William Van Rossum, the Redemptorist Cardinal, was appointed his successor as Prefect of Propaganda. Some time later, when Cardinal Van Rossum was on an official audience, the Holy Father said to him: "I would want your Eminence to be a perfect Prefect (*Prefetto perfetto*)"—the Cardinal feared these words prefaced some reproof or criticism of his methods, but his fear was soon allayed when the Pontiff continued: "and hence, I want your Eminence to be a bishop."

The day for the Cardinals consecration was quite appropriate: May 19th, 1918, the feast of Pentecost, the Church's birthday, when the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles in all fullness, was to mark his birth to the fullness of the priesthood, the power and dignity of bishop.

The Holy Father himself performed the consecration in the Sistine Chapel. The two co-consecrators were the Rt. Rev. Bishop Nasalli-Rocca, the Pope's Secret Almoner, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Zampini, the Pope's Sacristan. An episcopal consecration is imposing enough; every word, prayer and action has a special lesson and appropriately designates the powers conferred; add to this the fact that the Pope himself is Consecrator, surrounded by his court, served by Monsignori, whilst the Cardinal Dean, Cardinal Vincent Vanutelli and the Cardinal Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri are assisting before the throne, and you can imagine the impression made. There were ecclesiastics of every rank and of various rites, nobles of the papal court, officers of the different pontifical guards, the diplomatic corps in gala, and the Noble Guard forming a cordon around the altar, flanking it to either side and facing the people, whilst the Sistine choir directed by Perosi in person, lifted us unto the very heavens. Besides a goodly representation of Redemptorists, many other religious were present as also

many people from practically every rank. The grandeur of the scene beggars description; one must have been there to appreciate it fully.

The Holy Father's entry heralded by the mighty "Tu es Petrus" (Thou art Peter), the baldachin over the altar with an ancient tapestry of the Descent of the Holy Ghost as background, the Pope's throne to the Gospel side, and the bishop elect's altar to the Epistle side of the sanctuary, all promised a function worthy of the Church's sublime ritual. We shall mention some points in chronological order.

The Cardinal took the prescribed oath of fidelity and obedience to the Church, the Holy See, and the successors of St. Peter, promised to defend her and her rights, fulfill his episcopal duties and further her interests. Certain set questions were put and answered as to his readiness to teach Scripture and Tradition by word and example, practise chastity, humility, sobriety, charity, hospitality, shun filthy lucre and be about God's business. He was asked about observance of the Church's canons, his beliefs and his condemnation of heresies.

The Mass which followed was said by the Holy Father and Cardinal together. Having donned episcopal vestments and pectoral cross, the Cardinal joined the Holy Father at the foot of the latter's altar and began Mass with him. These prayers said, he continued at his own altar till about the Offertory. From the Offertory to the ablutions he stood at the Epistle side of the Pope's altar, and afterwards on the Gospel side till his enthronement. Thus there was but one Mass, but a concelebration. At Communion the Cardinal partook of half the host and the balance of Precious Blood, after the Pope had taken some together with the particle of host dropped into the chalice at the "Pax Domini". This concelebration and especially Communion signify the unity of bishops and the participation of power which the newly consecrated has with the consecrator, and commemorates the fact at the Last Supper when Christ had ordained the Apostles and communicated them from one bread and one chalice.

Before the Gospel the Cardinal was told that "a bishop's duty is to judge, interpret, consecrate, ordain, offer, baptise and confirm." Hereupon clergy and people were exhorted to pray for him, and the Litany of Saints was sung thus calling all the saints to assist him. At a certain period of the Litany the Holy Father invoked the prescribed special blessings upon him about to be consecrated.

After the Litany the Book of the Gospels was placed on the Cardinal's neck and shoulders, signifying that bishops are to bear the Gospel

ever in mind and support its teachings, that though they be sent to preach it, they must nevertheless bend under its yoke in humble submission. Then, (the Gospels being held in the above position by an assistant) the Holy Father and the co-consecrators placed both hands upon the Cardinal's head saying: "Receive the Holy Ghost," i. e. without restriction, in the fullness of His power. In the prayer and Preface that follow we are told that whatever splendor appears in the bishops vestments, or gems of his apparel, or in the ceremony, should be reflected by unblemished conduct, fructified by abundant gifts of the Holy Ghost, and bedewed with all heavenly blessings.

Next the Cardinal's head, i. e. the crown, and his hands were anointed with chrism whilst choir and people sang alternately the verses of the "Veni Creator Spiritus". The balsam in the chrism signifies charity; hence a bishop must ever meditate and practise the two great precepts of the love of God and of our neighbor. The head is anointed to betoken a bishop's authority and dignity as one of the "chiefs" of Christ, the invisible Head of the Church. The consecration of the hands implies the bishop's power to bless, consecrate and ordain, and that he be lavish in good works and charity; hence the prayer: "Whatsoever thou shalt bless, may it be blessed; and whatsoever thou shalt sanctify, may it be sanctified; and may the imposition of this consecrated hand and thumb be profitable in all things unto salvation." The Prayer at the anointing of the head reads: "May constancy of faith, purity of love, sincerity of peace abound in him."

After this the Cardinal received the "pastoral crook" or crosier and the episcopal ring; the former admonishes a bishop to guide and feed his flock, to exercise justice and firmness tempered with kindness and patience, whilst the ring is a sign of his nuptials with the Church, a pledge of his fidelity and love towards her. The Book of Gospels was then taken from the Cardinal's shoulders, and given him with the commission to go forth and preach the Gospel in words and work.

At the Offertory the Cardinal offered the Holy Father two lighted torches, two loaves, one gilt the other silvered, and two small casks of wine, one silvered the other gilt. This is a relic of the ancient custom when the faithful made their offerings at Mass. Thus is also symbolised the bishop's power of highpriest according to the order of Melchisedech. The lights remind him to be a light unto the world.

After giving the blessing of the Mass, the Holy Father bestowed the mitre on the Cardinal, which, according to the words of the cere-

mony, is to be a "helmet of salvation" against the Church's enemies, whom its wearer must courageously oppose and which, like the horn-like rays of Moses' head, is to inspire them with salutary fear. The episcopal gloves were next given; they signify the skin of kids which Jacob put on his hands when he got his father's blessing. Thus the bishop should implore the plentitude of blessings from on high for himself and his flock. These gloves are spiritual gauntlets strong against the onslaughts of the enemies of salvation and a sign of the humility which should hide the bishop's good works and their accompanying purity of intention.

The Cardinal having been thus decked in episcopal regalia, the Holy Father arose, took him by the right, the first co-consecrator taking the Cardinal's left, and enthroned him on the very faldstool just occupied by His Holiness. Placing the crosier in the Cardinal's hand, the Holy Father did him reverence, proceeded to his sedia on the Gospel side of the predella, with the co-consecrators faced the Cardinal, and intoned the "Te Deum." All stood except the Cardinal: what a recognition from the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff, of the great dignity just conferred! The Sistine choir sang the alternate verses in parts, whilst the vast throng present took up the intermediate verses, praising God and glorifying Him. Accompanied by the co-consecrators the Cardinal passed down the nave while the "Te Deum" was in progress, and imparted his first episcopal blessing. Behold how thus the Sovereign Pontiff ceded his place to the newly consecrated! Could there be a more sublime combination of humanity and greatness, of reverence and authority? And then the mighty strains of the "Te Deum", ringing billows of praise beating against the eternal shores—especially the closing verse: "In Te Domine speravi; non confundar in aeternum"—In Thee, O Lord, I hope, I shall not be confounded forever—here the high sopranos and silver tenors, swung with a powerful sweeping bound aloft into the very clouds, a cry of hope and confidence bursting forth from every heart and exulting as it sprang from the depths of human weakness to the sublime heights of divine mercy; the deep base of the "non confundar" as if to show the rumblings and threatenings of the demons of hell, the quaking of the powers of evil, gradually broke blendingly into harmonious unison with the high "speravi" of trust—verily a fitting climax to this paean of grateful hope and hopeful praise in adoration of God, the Helper of the weak, and Giver of all good gifts.

Returned to the altar, and after another prayer, the Cardinal in full episcopals genuflected at the epistle end of the predella, rose, advanced and genuflected near the center, and finally genuflected the third time, each time with the same refrain: "Ad multos annos," at the very feet of the Pontiff, who raised him in loving embrace and imparted the kiss of peace.

After the ceremony the Holy Father invited the Cardinal, the Cardinals Vanutelli and Gasparri, the co-consecrators, the Most Rev. Father General and the chief Consultor General of the Redemptorists, two officials of Propaganda, and the Pope's Majorduomo to breakfast. And mark the extraordinary part of it, the Holy Father breakfasted with them in the same room, though a little table was set apart for him on a raised platform. His Holiness entertained his guests, not omitting to address himself to each of them in turn.

That the Holy Father took a very great personal interest in the whole affair may be gauged from the gift he made to Cardinal Van Rossum of a pectoral cross adorned with pearls and diamonds. This cross worn at the ceremony was brought to the Cardinal the night before and accompanied by an autograph letter of the Holy Father wherein His Holiness expressed his joy and congratulations and said that as is usual with the consecrator he presented mitre, crosier and ring, but that since He had the happiness of being the Consecrator on this occasion, He wanted to give all and therefore sent also this pectoral cross. Thus had His Holiness shown His high personal esteem and regard for the happy Cardinal and what He meant when He wished that the Prefect of Propaganda should be a "Perfect Prefect".

—Written for the *Liguorian*.

The Liberty Boys and Liberty Girls are contributing their mite to back up the army of liberty. They are cautioned not to *solicit* the money; they must *earn* it. To love their country's cause with a genuine love, they must learn to make sacrifices for it. The lad who works an hour every evening after school to earn money for the soldiers will feel a personal interest in them and the cause for which they fight that he would never otherwise have known.

What holds for patriotism, holds likewise for religion. If you would have your children love their faith, teach them to make sacrifices for it.

TRAITOROUS AND TRUE

CHAPTER XII. TRAITOROUS AND TRUE.

Colonel George Conroy sat in his room down-hearted, crestfallen. All his plans had gone awry and the fortune he dreamed would come to him when he married Alice Drake was slowly slipping from his grasp. There was just one chance left to him and this one chance, lost as he was to all sense of honor, sent a shudder through him. His conscience cried out against him; he strangled it down into silence, for conscience means nothing to a guilty, desperate man. The glitter of gold blinded him; the pleasures he could buy with it lured him into convincing himself that no sacrifice was too great to possess it. Moralists would condemn him, honest men would shun him, even Alice who trusted him, should she learn the truth would loath him. He laughed all his scruples to scorn and determined to make the one effort more.

It was far past midnight when he arose from his lounging chair with plans remade. He muffled himself up and went out. There were few on the streets at such an hour; he ran little chance of being recognized. As he went on his guilty conscience began to play tricks on his imagination. A policeman standing immovable at a street-corner, seemed, to Conroy, to be aware of his evil purposes. He knew it was only fancy and yet he found it difficult to go on bravely. Coming opposite to him, the officer peered into his face. Conroy winced and quickened his pace. The officer followed him slowly. Colonel Conroy could hear the footstep behind him and they seemed to be gaining on him. He wheeled suddenly around and sighed in relief as the officer turned into a side-street. At every shadow he started and once a dog dozing on a door step awoke at his approach. It barked and almost threw him into a panic.

He kept on till he reached a disreputable part of the city. There was more life here or at least there were more human beings on the street but they were those who live their lives only by night. Dull lights flared out from grimy windows. From ill smelling, smoky saloons came forth the maudlin songs of men and now and then the shrill voice of a lost woman. Into one of these dens of revellers he strayed. No one seemed to notice him. He sat down at a little beer-smeared table in the rear of the saloon where he could better see the faces of its occupants. Here were assembled the lowest types of man-

kind; men who would not shrink at any evil deed and it was a man of this ilk he was in search of. He ordered a glass of light wine and as he sipped it slowly gazed intently at the crowd trying to single out one he could trust.

Two men, half rolled, half reeled toward him. They sat down at a table next his and fell to talking. At first he could not make out their conversation till one of them told the other he was "down and out".

"Never mind that, Bill," answer the other, "everything 'll be rosy in the mornin'."

"Rosy, the devil," answered Bill, "if I can't get me mits on a couple plunks afore mornin', I'm done for! I'm willin' to put me mit to any job to get some coin; any job! Dye hear that, any job!"

Colonel Conroy caught this last remark and he scrutinized the faces of the two men, and in the pale light sinister, black, evil faces they were, unshaven, hard, cruel; vice was stamped on every line. For some little time more they continued to talk in an undertone. Bill slouched down into his chair in an attitude of despair, the other got up and mingled with the brawling crowd. Conroy arose and tapped Bill on the shoulder. He started up and his hand went with a quick motion to his hip-pocket.

"There's nothing to fear, my good fellow," said Colonel Conroy assuringly as he sat down in the chair vacated by Bill's companion.

"I thought you was one o' them blue coats. They're allus takin' a start out of a guy!"

"I'm not an officer, but I'm looking for you because, I think I can trust you."

Bill stared at him. No one had ever spoken to him of trust before. There was pride in his voice as he answered.

"I don't know what they calls you, but you got me straight there. You can allus bank on Bill Parsons when there's work ahead!"

"I heard you tell your chum you needed money," continued Colonel Conroy. "Now, I have a little piece of work for a man like you. There's good pay in it if you do it well and cover up your tracks."

"Well, mister, I wasn't born yesterday and afore we goes makin' any dickers, I gotta get a tape-measure on you. What's yer name?" he asked abruptly.

"My name isn't necessary," answered Conroy reaching into his pocket and drawing forth a handful of bills. "All you have to do is to

get your instructions from me and this is yours and more when the job's done."

The sight of the money made Bill's dull eyes glisten.

"But how'm I goin' to figer out yer O.K.?" queried Bill. I'm not goin' to sell my life to no stranger!"

"By trusting me. You're a perfect stranger to me and I'm trusting you."

"Looks like fifty-fifty, all right. Shake on it!" said Bill and they shook hands. "Now march out yer job!"

"It's very simple," answered Colonel Conroy, drawing his chair closer to Bill and dropping his voice to a faint whisper. "There's a young French girl here in Royeston and, ——"

"Cut it!" broke in Bill with a wave of his hand. "Nix on that Stuff! I don't work along them lines! You made a bum guess about this bloke!"

"Just let me explain a moment," went on Colonel Conroy. "This young girl ran away from her home in France and I want to get her home to her brokenhearted father and mother."

"Oh, that's different. Yer goin to do the 'Lady Bountiful' stunt," put in Bill grinning.

"I promised her father and mother to get her home to them if I should meet her. Well, I've had a good talk with her and all she did was laugh at me. I want to do a good turn for her father and mother and for the girl too, for she is running great risks in being among strangers. The only way out of the difficulty is to put her on a boat and send her home. That's all you have to do and you'll be well paid for it."

"And you want me to do that job all alone?" questioned Parsons. "Say, if that 'ud be a young man it 'ud be a lead-pipe cinch, but you can't tell nothin' about a woman. I gotta have help for that job; it's gotta be done perticuler."

"I'll get everything ready. All you have to do is to get the girl. A little chloroform at first, a few drops of laudanum to keep her sleeping and when she finds herself bound for home she'll be satisfied."

"But I gotta have help!" replied Bill with determination.

"There's no need of help. I'd prefer to keep the job between ourselves. There's danger in too many knowing it," argued Conroy.

"There's thumb screws on Jack Pipp's mug; he won't blow. He's me pal and he's true blue. I gotta have him!" This was final with

Bill Parsons and he was about to call PIPPS when Colonel Conroy interrupted him.

"Who is Jack PIPPS?"

"He's me team-mate; we pulls in the traces together, allus. That there's him!" And he pointed a crooked finger at a heavy set man with a cap pulled down to one side over a bloated, scarred face. Jack PIPPS shambled over to the table at Parson's invitation. A one-sided introduction took place.

Bill explained the whole affair, while PIPPS listened intently. When he completed the explanation Jack signified his approval. "Gee, some job, but I'm game."

They agreed on the day and hour for their evil work and were rising to go when Jack PIPPS said to Colonel Conroy:

"I don't suppose you remember my map. I used to wash dishes out at Camp Irvin'. I think yer George Conroy, aint yer?"

Conroy looked dazed for a moment, he had not expected anything like this. "I think your eyesight is bad, Jack. Col. Conroy is in France."

"Then yer his brother; that it?" asked PIPPS.

"No, not his brother either!" replied Conroy, nettled.

"Oh; I got yer drift. Yer name aint to be mixed up in this job, eh? All right, but uts better if everybody knows everybody." PIPPS winked at Parsons as Conroy strode away. "That's the buy what played hero at Camp Irvin' and broke his shoulder doin' it."

* * * * *

Colonel Conroy sat at Alice Drake's side in a box at the Opera. It was the night Conroy and his accomplices had set for spiriting away Marie Le Blanc. The singing and music were excellent and Alice was so taken up with them that she did not take note of Colonel Conroy's agitation and nervousness. The music was certainly not for him; the wailing of the violins had in it the pleading of a woman's voice; the high pitched note of distress pierced his ears in the shrieking of fifes; the clash of cymbals put the fear into him that his plans had gone astray; the rolling of the drums sounded to him like the quick laboring of an auto and as the piece rose to its climax and then gradually ebbed and flowed into silence till the audience was spellbound. He drew out his watch; it was after the hour set. To several of Alice's questions he replied absent-mindedly; it was plain his attention was

not on the opera,—his thoughts were in Alice's home and the two evil men he had sent there.

Marie Le Blanc was alone when suddenly the door bell rang and a maid announced that a visitor was waiting for her. Marie was wonder-stricken at this announcement, for she was a stranger and was perplexed at who this visitor might be at such a late hour. She grew fearful at first, then the thought came into her mind that it might be Raoul, that perhaps he had seen her while she was seeking him and was now come for her. Her perplexity was dispelled when she came down stairs and glanced at her visitor. It was Bill Parsons clean-shaven and decked out in a suit of new clothes; he was twirling a cap in his hand. Colonel Conroy had told him to "doll up" so as not to excite Marie's suspicions. At sight of her, so frail and beautiful, his heart, wicked though it was, almost failed him and he was tempted to bolt for the door. The memory of the reward however gave him courage. He made a stiff, awkward bow and stepped toward her.

"Lady, I have been sent here to tell you a piece of news." He glanced around and listened. "Is there anyone listening here?" he went on going nearer to her and shoving his cap into his pocket to have both hands free. Marie instinctively shrank back from him.

"News!" she repeated. "About what?"

"About someone who's a worryin' about you," said Bill huskily. "He sent me to" —

"Is it Raoul!" she broke in excitedly. Villain that he was, Bill clutched at this straw, for he saw a way of getting her out of the house without a struggle. "Yes, that's what we calls him. He sent me; he wants to see you."

"Is he safe? Where is he?" asked Marie her heart filling with joy.

"Sure he's safe, and if you follows me lead you'll be with him in no time!"

Without another word poor, unsuspecting Marie rushed to her room. In her excitement she did not notice that her locket was lying on the dresser. She flung on her wraps and in a few moments was sitting in an auto at Bill's side while Jack Pippis sat behind the wheel. Nothing was said. Marie's heart was overflowing with happiness and Bill was waiting till Jack got the auto at the outskirts of the town. Suddenly Marie felt a strong arm coil itself like a great snake about her shoulder and a huge rough hand clapped a handkerchief to her mouth. The auto came to a standstill. Jack leaned over the front

seat and drawing a bottle from his pocket began putting chloroform on the handkerchief. She struggled till all her strength was exhausted, then as the fumes began to penetrate her brain, her struggling grew weaker, and in a short time she lay limp and unconscious in the auto. They turned the auto about till they reached a tumble-down shack near the saloon where George Conroy had met Parsons and PIPPS. Unseen they carried her to a dimly lighted room and laid her on a dingy, broken-down couch.

"I wonder what'll the kid think o' this when he gets home?" said Bill.

"He's goin' to be wild eyed about it; but he can go to the devil. We're gettin' good coin for it and there's the end o' the argument."

Bill went over to a rough cup-board nailed to the wall and took out a bottle of whiskey. In silence they sat sipping the liquor and puffing heavy rings of smoke into the air. At midnight footsteps came to the door, and the "kid" as they called him walked in. There were greetings all around, but the newcomer did not notice the sleeping girl.

"Did a good job tonight," said Bill. "Lots o' coin. That,"—nodding toward the couch,—“gotta be shipped to France; all charges are prepaid.”

"A young un that run away from home. Have to send her home asleep or she'll wake up and raise old Ned," put in PIPPS.

"Who's shippin' this freight?" asked the Kid.

"Well the name aint to go on the package. It's a kind of surprise party all around. But I happen to know the sender. They used to call him Colonel Conroy out at Camp Irvin'."

"Conroy! George Conroy?" said the Kid. "Can't be! He's in France."

"But he aint," replied PIPPS, "he's loose in Royeston."

"Where'd you get this girl?" asked the Kid quite calmly. Bill Parsons mentioned the street and number.

"What's she goin' to France for?" he went on.

"Run away from home and the old man and woman are cracking their hearts about her," answered Bill.

"What's her name?"

"Marie, something," replied Bill. "The rest's French and won't stick in me brain."

The Kid walked over to the couch to get a better look at the unconscious girl. One look and he was on his knees beside her. "Marie,

Marie." Bill and Jack ran over to him. "You devils," he hissed in his sudden rage, "she's my sister." Then jumping to his feet: "If you harm a hair of her head, I'll kill you both. Keep her here till I get back. That cur will pay for this!" and he rushed from the room.

* * * * *

Alice arose late next morning. She went to Marie's room and seeing everything in order concluded that she had gone to a late Mass or was taking a walk. She thought nothing of the matter till it was almost noon. The servants had not seen her all the morning. Dinner passed and still Marie did not come. Alice began to grow fearful that Marie had gone away again in search of Raoul. Again she went to her room and this time spied the locket lying on the dresser. She picked it up and was on the point of opening it. She refrained from doing so, for she knew it contained Marie's secret. She laid it on the dresser.

The hours of the afternoon dragged into evening and the absent one still remained away. Alice became thoroughly alarmed and telephoned to Colonel Conroy to come to her. When he reached her she told him of Marie's absence. He tried to appear as concerned as possible; though in his heart he was glad that his plans had thus far worked out so well. She asked him what to do. He laughed at her fears.

"She has gone visiting some of her friends," he answered. "She'll come home and tease you for all this worry."

"She has no friends," replied Alice. "She is a stranger in Royeston."

"She can easily make friends, can't she?" said Conroy.

Alice did not answer to this. "Marie has some secret eating at her heart and I'm going to find it out." She ran from the room and soon returned with a little golden locket. She opened it in the presence of Colonel George Conroy.

Her heart stopped, her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth,—the whole world seemed to be drifting away from her. She recovered herself and glared at him. There was hatred and loathing in her eyes.

"It is true, after all. You, you are Marie LeBlanc's husband. You have deceived me!"

Colonel Conroy recoiled from her as if struck in the face.

"Go!" she said,—almost shrieked at him; "go from my sight forever!" He would have torn the locket from her fingers, but that figure, those eyes, that voice ringing in his ears, that command to his

cowardly heart, cowed him and he left her shamefaced, while she collapsed limply into a chair.

Down the street he went whither Bob Earlwaite had gone a year past: the one crushed and defeated,—the other with a broken heart,—and the same girl had sent them both away.

At the corner, a stealthy form came out from the shadows of the trees. It was Raoul LeBlanc. He had been watching the house the whole day. He placed himself in front of George Conroy. Conroy moved to the right, but Raoul did the same.

"Good evening, Conroy!" said Raoul calmly. "Quite an unexpected meeting!"

Colonel Conroy, looking peeringly into Raoul's face, did not recognize him.

"Forgotten old friends, have you?" asked Raoul. "I used to be Captain Raoul LeBlanc of the French army, but just at present, I'm looking for a traitor. Where is my sister Marie?"

Conroy reached for his revolver; he was not quick enough. Raoul grasped his wrist with a grip of steel, at the same time placing the barrel of his own weapon against Conroy's breast.

"Just a moment, Conroy," said Raoul tensely. "There are some explanations necessary first. Where is Marie?"

Quick as a flash Colonel Conroy broke from Raoul's grip, and with his left hand clutched at the pistol levelled at his heart. Raoul was expecting such a movement as this. His finger pressed the trigger,—there was a flash, a deafening report in Conroy's ears, and he fell to the sidewalk, bleeding and dying. Raoul jumped back into the shadows of the trees. A crowd soon gathered. Conroy could tell nothing, for his lips were sealed by the hand of death. He thought nothing of doing evil, and perished in doing it.

Raoul slunk back to the shack, where Bill Parsons and Jack Pippis were awaiting him. Marie had come out of her stupor and in her dazed condition could make out nothing of her strange surroundings. They told her, Raoul would soon return, and between hope and fear she waited. It was only when he appeared, out of breath and white-faced, that all her fears gave way to joy. She rushed upon him, and flinging her arms about him, kissed him, fervently thanking God that she at last had found her erring brother. In the morning they went away. There was no time to go to Alice; Raoul knew delay was dangerous and all she could do was to send a little note to Alice telling

her that she had found Raoul, and was going home to her beloved France.

* * * * *

Raoul crept back into the army again, not as a captain but as an ordinary soldier. With the turning of the tide of battle he began to see aright. The thousands who had given up their lives for France had done so through no selfish motive, but for the big-hearted, noble purpose of love for their fellow-men and country. His principles of selfish philosophy crackled and crumbled when he saw daily deeds of heroism and he turned again to the God who inspired these heroes with such high unearthly purposes.

He gladdened the heart of Marie when he wrote to her and told her he had gone to confession and made his peace with God and that he was ready to sacrifice his life, his all for the glory of France and in reparation of his misdeeds.

Marie is happy now. She has saved her brother and is waiting for his return. She has found all her happiness in helping the war-stricken round about the village. She thinks it is true of George Conroy, she prays for him, but she will never learn that he was a traitor to her love. To tell her, Raoul knows would break her heart and he has sworn to be silent.

* * * * *

It is past midsummer. Royeston has gotten over the shock of an officer murdered on its streets. Alice shudders when she thinks of it, but she shudders still more when she recalls what a fate she escaped when she opened Marie Le Blanc's locket and found there the picture of George Conroy. She recalls many times the warning Bob Earlwaite gave her in the hospital in France. If she had only heeded him she would have been spared many a heart-ache. She will never doubt Bob Earlwaite again for he too is home, in his and Alice's cozy little home, and is sitting opposite to her. He can find nothing interesting in the evening paper. He flings it aside and comes over to her and stands above her while he looks down at her.

"Alice, dear, do you remember a long time ago when you said good-bye to me?"

She looks at him reproachfully and half sad. The tears start into her eyes.

"Bob, dear, I did not mean it. I did not know what I was saying. I love you now, forever and forever!"

And he takes her into his arms and kisses away the tears from her eyes and into them comes the light of true love. So it will ever be when love is love and trust answers unto trust.

(The End.)

J. COLL, C. Ss. R.

WHAT THE ANGEL SAW

The recording angel looked, and this is what he saw: a bronzed, clean-cut, khaki-clad fighter in far off France. His strong square jaw was set, every muscle in his lean, lithe body was tense as he swung across the open field while machine guns rattled and cannon boomed. "It is well," the angel said. "He is working to make the world safe for democracy."

The angel looked again. He saw a patient mother in an humble home here in America. The cares and sufferings of motherhood had traced deep lines on her once beautiful face. She and her little ones were kneeling before a picture of the Holy Family at Nazareth. The baby lips were repeating after her: Our Father who art in heaven. Hail Mary, full of grace. "It is well," the angel said. "She is working to make democracy safe for the world."

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

All hail to thee, Christmas, thou day of rejoicing!
With silvery bells our glad merriment voicing;
Thy coming brings gladness and pleasure and cheer,
We welcome thee, brightest, best day of the year.

Sweet angels above us their anthems are singing;
Sweet angels above us their tokens are bringing;
The rich and the needy, the old and the young,
Join the song of rejoicing, the sweetest e'er sung.

Then hail to thee, Christmas, with pleasure and blessing!
Thine hours bring a solace past human expressing;
Life's cares are forgotten, life's turmoils cease,
While we bask in the sunlight of pleasure and peace.

Back, back to sweet childhood remembrance is calling,
As the gray Christmas twilight is silently falling,
The years intervening seem only a day,
Since Santa Claus stories charmed more than our play.

Then welcome! Sweet Christmas! Our tired hearts are yearning
For time's disappearance and sweet youth's returning
Thy mission is merry, thy password "Good cheer."
Then hail to thee, Christmas, best day of the year.

✚ Thomas Zeller, C. Ss. R.

=====	Catholic Anecdotes	=====
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"VIRGIN IMMACULATE COME TO OUR AID"

One bright day in the spring of 1855, Pius IX, accompanied by several persons of distinction, visited a catacomb recently discovered near Rome, containing many interesting Christian monuments. On his return he dined at the convent of St. Agnes. After dinner the pupils of the College of the Propaganda asked the favor of being admitted to his presence, to which His Holiness consented with his usual kindness.

Shortly after the reception of the pupils, the floor of the large hall in which they were assembled, suddenly gave way, and precipitated the whole company into the apartment beneath,—a distance of about twenty-two feet. When the Holy Father perceived the floor descending, he exclaimed: "Virgin Immaculate come to our aid!" His prayer was heard. By special interposition of heaven, His Holiness received not the slightest hurt or injury whatever. The chair on which he was seated descended gradually till it reached the flooring below.

Out of one hundred and twenty persons who were precipitated by the fall, not a single one was seriously injured. His Eminence Cardinal Antonelli and Cardinal Patrizzi and several of the students received slight contusions, but they were all able to leave the convent the same evening, except four, who were obliged to remain till the following morning.

As soon as all were extricated from the ruins, the Holy Father, accompanied by those who with himself had made so miraculous an escape, repaired to the church and intoned the Te Deum, in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessing of their preservation; at the same time the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and a triduum was ordered in all the parish churches, in grateful acknowledgment to heaven for the manifest protection of the Head of the Church.

As long as all that is said is against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies.—*Emerson.*

A STRANGE GIFT

What have we to offer the Infant God on His birthday? We may all have something if we will, for He craves nothing from us but a pure and loving heart in which to take up His abode in sacramental Communion. Ah! yes, there is something more that we can give, and we learn it from the great St. Jerome.

He was, one Christmas night, in the Grotto of Bethlehem, all absorbed in the contemplation of the Saviour's birth, when suddenly the Infant Jesus appeared to him resplendent with light. He said:

"Jerome, what dost thou give me for My birthday?"

"Divine Infant, I give Thee my heart."

"Yes, but give Me something more."

"I give Thee all the prayers, all the affections of my heart."

"Yes, but give Me something more."

"I give Thee all that I have and all that I am."

"There is still something more that I want."

"Divine Infant, I have nothing. What is it that I can give Thee?"

"Jerome, give Me thy sins!"

"What wilt Thou do with them, Lord?"

"Give Me thy sins that I may pardon them all."

"Divine Babe, Thou makest me weep!" and, filled with love for the Child-Saviour, the strong man wept.

Let us learn the lesson. We, too, can offer the gift that Jesus asked of His great saint. We, too, can lay down our sins at His feet in the holy tribunal, and, rising up, receive the return gift that He makes to us of His own Divine Body and Blood. O what a Blessed Christmas will then be ours!

AS SEEN BY A NON-CATHOLIC

One of the speakers at a meeting recently arranged by the Albany Chamber of Commerce, and presided over by Governor Whitman, was Mr. Daniel Reed, a member of the Federal Food Commission, who was, we are told, once a famous ball-player. Mr. Reed is not a Catholic, but he was a close observer of things Catholic in France, where he visited the front.

To his Albany hearers he related that, "Before the war every home-
stead had its statue of Mary and the Infant Jesus. They were placed

in glass cases and at certain times of the year they were bedecked with jewels and flowers. But now there are no more statues. The glass has been broken by the shells of battle. The rug on which the faithful knelt when paying tribute to their patrons, is no more, but they kneel in the cold mud and pray for the one who is away. To every Catholic here tonight, and I speak as a Protestant,—I will say that you can be proud of your ~~faith~~, for it has sustained the spirit of the French people and made them stand firm and brave in the face of their trial."

We are proud of it, as they too will be who are returning to its practice.

—*Catholic Transcript.*

ST. SULPICE'S LOSSES

From a distinguished member of the Paris clergy I have heard that the great Seminary of St. Sulpice has lost the flower of its future priests, writes the Paris correspondent of the London "Catholic Times". Its most promising subjects have fallen. The death of one of them, the Abbe Marraud, may be considered, added my informant, as a misfortune that touches not only the seminary, but the whole diocese. He was extraordinarily gifted. He was thirty-two when he died. His education had been unusually brilliant. He was an excellent linguist and a successful artist, and had traveled in many countries.

The Abbe Marraud had the rank of lieutenant in the infantry regiment to which he belonged. He fulfilled his duties as a soldier with heart-whole devotion. "I love this life," he wrote. ". . . I love the duties that Providence has given me, in spite of the suffering they entail, perhaps even because of this suffering." The next lines reveal his deep sense of his responsibility with regard to his men, and they also explain the affection with which the latter regarded their lieutenant: "I cannot say how much I love my men. . . . My heart tightens before the battle when I feel their eyes fixed upon me with a mixture of fear and affection. They seem to say: We put our lives into your hands. I knew that some of them must be killed, and yet I had to encourage and lead them forward. It was impossible to realize, without having seen it, the depth of the bond of affection that unites an officer and his men after a month of daily fighting side by side."

	Pointed Paragraphs	
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TE DEUM LAUDAMUS!

We are proud, deeply and honestly proud, to think that our own dear America has been the determining factor in bringing the bloodiest war of history to a just and lasting peace. Let us take care that our honest pride rises to heartfelt thanksgiving to God, instead of degenerating to vain boastfulness. We should not have had the brave men nor the inexhaustible resources nor the great free country that produced them both, if a merciful God had not granted them to us. Then in justice we must give the honor to God, to whom it is due. General Foch is never heard boasting. That is because he is not only one of the greatest of warriors but also one of the best of Christians.

EVEN AS YOU AND I

Many a young lady, coming home from her work, passes by the church and steps in for a brief visit with Our Lord. It is a beautiful custom: it does as much as anything, I feel sure, to keep away the wrinkles of worry, and the dark lines of weariness; it does as much as anything to put back upon your lips the smile of the morning, worn away by the day's cares. It is, moreover, a pledge that the evening will be well-spent.

Many a young man might adopt the same practice. But,—“is that really a man's custom?” What would people say of me?

And yet there is one whose praise fills our daily papers,—whose name is in every man's mouth today,—whose fame is heralded from one end of the world to the other: it is General Foch. And what is it they say of him? They talk of his battles, of his tactics, of his genius. What does he get the magic power to accomplish all he does?

“We have the answer close at home,” reports the Los Angeles Times, “in a letter written by a California boy at the front. He says that one evening he wandered into a church through curiosity, when a gray man with the eagles of a general on the collar of his shabby uniform also entered. The man knelt down, and full three-quarters of an hour passed by before he arose from his knees. Ten thousand guns roared along a hundred hills at that man's word; millions of

armed men crouched in trenches or rushed across blood-trenched terrains at the command of this gray man; generals and field-marschals, artillery, cavalry, engineers, tanks, fought across the map of Europe absolutely as this man commanded,—who now knelt before the altar: for this man was Foch. Nor was it an unusual thing for him to do. There is no day that he does not do the same thing, if there be a church that he can reach."

Are you ashamed of him?

RESTORING THE CRIPPLE

No one underestimates the benefit of returning the crippled soldier to the country as a useful subject: it is a benefit to himself, to his surroundings, to our country.

But there are certain cripples whom we must not forget; mental and moral cripples; who on account of native or acquired defects of mind or will have made themselves a source of shame to themselves, of misery to their neighbors, of harm to our land. These too, can be reclaimed; they are capable of better things. And if there be anything that can reclaim them, it is to bring to them the uplifting and strengthening faith and means of grace which we have in our holy religion.

Young men, if you are looking for a useful way to spend an evening or two during the week, or a Sunday morning, here is an opportunity. There are societies in existence, devoted to the rehabilitation of these moral cripples: do you know them? Why not? Have you really no time to inquire? Or doesn't it interest you in the least?

SALVATION OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

It is certain that no honest-minded, God-fearing man will be condemned for not entering the Catholic Church unless he had at least a suspicion that she might be the true Church instituted by Christ to lead all men to salvation and, while having that suspicion, culpably neglected to investigate her claims. But we must wonder how it is possible that any honest-minded, God-fearing man can witness such a colossal demonstration, such impressive ceremonies as those which marked the laying to rest of the earthly remains of Archbishop Ireland without having at least a suspicion that the Church which has produced such a man and such a ceremonial, might be the true Church.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

An unfailing antidote against sorrow and sin, weakness and temptation is meditation on the passion of Jesus Christ. This meditation is not only for the monk and the nun in the solitude of their cloister; it is for everybody that hopes to be saved through the sufferings and death of the Redeemer. Since it is intended for everybody, it is simple and easy and within the reach of everybody. In your own church are the fourteen stations of the Way of the Cross. During a leisure quarter-of-an-hour of the day or evening, go to the church, walk from station to station, look at the scene which each represents, tell your suffering Saviour at each station that you love Him, that you thank Him for dying to take away your sins, that you are sorry for having ever offended Him, that you are willing with the help of His holy grace to bear your cross after Him. If you are disheartened at your weakness and sinfulness, if you are sorrowing over some great calamity—a loved one gone, a fond hope blasted—the meditation on what Jesus suffered while he trod the Way of the Cross will bring you strength and comfort.

AFTER THE WAR

The one saving faith cannot be kept alive in the hearts of men without the ministry of priests. Woe to this unhappy world if the day should ever dawn when young men would be so much attached to the comforts and pleasures of life as to refuse the sacrifices required of them to become priests! But it is not only those who aspire to the priesthood who must make sacrifices; others too must make sacrifices to enable them to reach their lofty goal. After completing the work in the parish school, the young man must spend from ten to fifteen years in study and training before he is admitted to ordination. The sons of honest workingmen (and from this sturdy class the bulk of our priests are drawn) cannot dream of making this long course without help. It is to help these worthy but poor young men to become priests that Burses or Scholarships are founded. You may not have had the courage or the opportunity to give your own life service to the salvation of souls as a priest of God. But at least you can help those who did. After the war there will be a sore dearth of priests for years to come. Many a young man who should have begun his studies

was drawn into the army. The Church cannot afford, the Catholic body cannot afford, to lose for lack of financial help a single young man who shows fitness for this divine vocation. You are a member of the Catholic body, what are you going to do to help? Devote to the founding of a Burse or Scholarship one of your liberty bonds. The income from this Burse will educate young men for the priesthood for all time to come. You proved your gratitude for the blessing of liberty by buying the bond; show your gratitude for the gift of faith by using the bond for this worthy cause.

A SPIRITUAL THERMOMETER

The thermometer is admittedly an indispensable aid in determining the state of one's health.

When the churches were closed to prevent the spread of influenza and the people were necessarily freed from the obligation of hearing Holy Mass, some were sorry that so great a help was taken out of their life for the week, and they made up for the loss, so far as might be, by private prayers at home. Others inwardly rejoiced that they were freed from a disagreeable duty and devoted the entire day to selfish comforts and pleasures.

This is a good thermometer to determine the state of one's Catholicity. Try it on your own soul.

A CATHOLIC DAILY PRESS

The LIGUORIAN, which has so persistently and, as some of its readers may think, so monotonously agitated for a Catholic Daily Press, took great comfort from the articles by Michael Williams in *America*, wherein he says: ". . . that there is a large and constantly growing body of thinkers who maintain the thesis that the creation of a Catholic daily press in the English language is the paramount issue of Catholic social action in the United States . . . It means that sooner or later we are going to have Catholic daily newspapers. Since there is a large and, as I think, constantly growing number of thoughtful Catholic men and women who believe in the need for a Catholic daily press, who are thinking out ways and means for establishing it, praying for it, and offering their Holy Communions for it, it follows, I hold, that a Catholic daily press we shall have. Faith is a creative force for good and for evil."

<div style="border-top: 3px double black; border-bottom: 3px double black; height: 1.2em; margin: 0 auto; width: 80%;"></div>	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Catholic Events</h2>	<div style="border-top: 3px double black; border-bottom: 3px double black; height: 1.2em; margin: 0 auto; width: 80%;"></div>
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The Redemptorist Fathers of Mayaguez, Porto Rico, handed over their new monastery to serve as a base-hospital for the victims of the earthquake which caused such havoc and destruction to that city on the eleventh of October, 1918. The Spanish and American Sisters of Charity, the Servants of Mary, and Red Cross Nurses are attending to the wounded. In Mayaguez 25% of the houses were destroyed and 25% badly damaged; 40 deaths are reported while the number of wounded amounts to 500.

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The Little Sisters of the Poor this past September celebrated the golden jubilee of their existence in America. During the period of 50 years, they have established 52 houses in the United States (more than one a year), which have sheltered 53,939 old people, of whom 44,890 have died with them, and at present they have 9,047 men and women in their institutions.

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An inspiring religious ceremony of interest to Texas Catholics was the Episcopal Consecration of Rt. Rev. Christopher E. Byrne, the newly appointed Bishop of Galveston. It took place in St. Louis Cathedral, Sunday November 10th, and though it was announced that, on account of the influenza then prevailing, it would be private, about 600 people gathered to assist at the consecration.

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The new Bishop of Detroit, Rt. Rev. Michael James Gallagher, was solemnly installed Wednesday Oct. 30th. The address of welcome was delivered by Bishop Kelly. A parade of 50,000 laymen featured the civic celebration.

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An American millionaire recently gave one million dollars to the Protestant mission in Kin Kiang, China. Is this not enough to make the poor Catholics a little bit envious? However, they have their consolations. For instance, the Peking Government has asked the Sisters of Charity to take charge of a new hospital opened in Peking. That tells that the hostile feelings are dying out of the Empire as far as religion is concerned.

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On the Island of Hayti, about sixty miles from Cape Haytien, Columbus built the first church in America. It was of stone, and was dedicated on the sixth day of July, 1494.

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Rev. Francis T. Moran, D. D., pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Cleveland, has been appointed Chairman of the Ohio State Labor Board by the United States Government.

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By request: Thanks to the Sacred Heart and to our Blessed Mother for the conversion of a sinner.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

When Confession and Holy Communion are required for gaining an indulgence is there a specified time within which these sacraments must be received?

• Yes. The Confession may be made any time within eight days preceding the day to which the indulgence is attached. Holy Communion may be received on the previous day. And the reception of both sacraments may take place within eight days after the feast. There is however a special provision for those who receive the sacraments frequently. Those who make it a practice to go to confession at least twice a month thereby satisfy the requirement of Confession for all indulgences except those of the jubilee. This holds likewise for daily communicants, even though they should refrain from approaching the holy table once or twice a week.

What is meant by a mass "pro populo"?

By a mass "pro populo" is meant the mass that a pastor is bound to say for the spiritual welfare of his people on all holydays and on certain feast days of the Church.

Suppose a priest becomes an apostate. He denies all the teachings of the Catholic and gives up his priestly powers. Can he in case of necessity again hear a confession, say for example when a person is dying and there is no other priest around?

Yes. At the time of death any priest can absolve any person from any sin or censure.

May one take a ride in an air-plane just for the experience, or is the risk taken to life too great to free the act from sin?

To make a straight flight in an air-plane with an experienced driver is not taking any greater risk to life than one takes in riding in an automobile or in a train; therefore one would not be guilty of sin in making such a flight just for the sake of the experience.

Can I gain an indulgence with the penance the priest gave me in confession?

Yes, provided it is an indulgenced prayer.

When coming into a church men take off their hats out of respect for the Blessed Sacrament; women, on the other hand, are expected to remain covered. How explain this difference?

Custom, which oftentimes defies explanation, has established this difference. The same difficulty presents itself in matters of ordinary, everyday etiquette. When a man meets a man politeness demands that he extend his hand in greeting; when he meets a lady, however, good breeding suggests that he merely remove his hat and bow. How explain this difference?

The difference of the manner in which men and women show their respect to the Blessed Sacrament existed already in the early church as is clear from St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, chapter the eleventh. In the Roman breviary we read that Pope St. Linus, the successor of St. Peter, made this custom a law; and from the decisions of the Roman Congregations we know that the Holy See has always insisted on this custom.

Is one ever allowed to pray for the death of a parent?

Yes, when death would be a greater blessing to the parent than life; therefore to pray that a parent be freed from great suffering or from great spiritual dangers by death would not be against filial piety.

If God created heaven and earth where was God before the creation of heaven?

The heaven that is spoken of in the work of creation means the firmament with all the celestial bodies. God has existed from all eternity.

Is it lawful to have a non-Catholic as sponsor for a child in baptism? I heard of a case in which a non-Catholic became the god-father of a child.

A non-Catholic can never become the sponsor of a child in baptism even though he should hold or touch the child when the child is being baptized, when the water is being poured over its head by the one conferring baptism. In some delicate situations a priest may allow a non-Catholic to assist at the services of baptism under the impression that he is becoming the sponsor.

Some Good Books

Here is a significant reminder of a good book which you will enjoy.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 30, 1918.

Dear Father Noll:

I want to congratulate you upon one especial feature of Our Sunday Visitor, and I hope I may be pardoned for making a suggestion. I have been a faithful lover of your paper from its inception and have hardly missed an issue. But, thinking that the After Dinner Stories were merely some sentimental tales to entertain your feminine subscribers, I passed them by with the arrogance of a man: "Oh, that's good enough for the ladies." However, two weeks ago I chanced to read one of *Father Tim Casey's stories*, and then I deliberately read another, then another and another—I found them to be most delightfully instructive, in fact I never saw Catholic doctrines presented in a more illuminating manner. Thinking others may pass them by as I was wont to do, may I suggest that *Father McEnniry's work* be called to the attention of your readers editorially?

Our Catholic Truth Guild has just completed a month's out-door campaigning in Boston and vicinity. Our work was greatly stimulated by the very gracious welcome Cardinal O'Connell gave us on Boston Common upon the return of our Auto-van from San Francisco.

Please to believe that I hold in grateful remembrance the privilege of including your city in our cross-country tour and the generous spirit in which you encouraged us in our mission.

Sincerely in Christ,

DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

Father Tim Casey's Stories which appeared originally in the *Ligurian* and which are still appearing in it, have been published in two neat volumes by Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price, 75c per volume.

The Greater Value. By G. M. M. Sheldon. With a foreward by C. C. Martindale, S. J. And pictures by Gabriel Pippet. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, N. Y. \$0.55 net.

This is a book for children, and well suited to the purpose. There are six little chapters, teaching love for Jesus, Mary, the Hail Mary, God's Temple, thoughtfulness of God and Spiritual Communion. The specific excellence of this little book is well pointed out by Father Martindale in the foreward, where he says: "Experience has taught the writer of these little chapters how to speak a language that should be understood by children, and which yet shall not degrade her lofty subject."

City of God. Words of Wisdom from the divine History and Life of the Virgin Mother of God, manifested to Sr. Mary of Agreda. Transl. from the original Spanish, by Fiscar Marison (Rev. Geo. J. Blatter). The Theopolitan. So. Chicago. \$2.50.

The Venerable Servant of God, Mary of Agreda, to whom these revelations are attributed, was a discaled Franciscan Nun. She lived a life of great holiness in Spain, during the first half of the seventeenth century. In obedience to the wish of her confessor, she compiled these revelations a few years previous to her death.

The thought and profound meditation of the venerable servant of God on the life and virtues of our blessed Mother deeply impressed her mind and in her sublime contemplation she felt that she was in the presence of the Blessed Virgin who revealed her life. This life of Mary is quite mystical. The lessons at the close of the chapters are sublime, and the judicious reading of the book cannot but be helpful. The volume here is an abridgment, but contains all the essentials of the fuller four volume English edition.

It is not surprising that the book has met with great opposition. There is always a numerous body of learned and devout critics who hesitate in giving credence to private revelations. Besides this, there are in the present case, other reasons why some would oppose its reading. In spite of opposition, however, its very wide circulation in so many translations, each with proper ecclesiastical authority is great testimony of its value.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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The teacher told his class that in writing compositions they should not attempt any flights of fancy, but only what was in them.

As a result of this advice, a tender-foot wrote the following composition:

I shall not attempt any flites of fancy, but wright just what is in me. In me there is my stummick, lungs, liver, two apples, two cakes and my dinner.

Lecturer—Allow me before I close to repeat the words of the immortal Webster—

Farmer Hawbuck — Land sakes, Maria, let's git out o' here. He's a-goin' ter start in on the dictionary.

"Can any of you tell me what the ruler of Russia was called?" asked the teacher.

"The Czar," roared the class.

"And what was the Czar's wife known as?"

Only two voices answered this time:

"The Czarina."

"Ah!" said the teacher, eying his flock fondly. "That is very good. Now, who will tell me what the Czar's children were called?"

"Czardines!" yelled one little boy.

First Stenographer: Isn't it terrible the way we have to work these days?

Second Stenographer: I should say it is. Why, I took so many letters yesterday that I finished my prayers last night with "very truly yours."—Puck.

A young couple were engaged to be married. "Mabel, there is something I ought to tell you about myself," said Tom, soberly, as they were strolling in the moonlight. "What is it, Tom?" asked the girl. "Well, Mabel—I hate to tell you, but I think I would be doing wrong not to," and he glanced anxiously at the pale face of his promised bride. "The fact is," he continued, hesitatingly, "Mabel—I—I am a somnambulist." "Never mind, Tom," cheerfully replied the girl. "I am a Congregationalist, but we'll go to your church one Sunday and mine the next."

It was married men's night at the revival meeting.

"Let all you husbands who have troubles on your minds stand up!" shouted the preacher at the height of his spasm.

Instantly every man in the church arose except one.

"Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering out at this lone individual, who occupied a chair near the door. "You are one in a million."

"It ain't that," piped back this one helplessly as the rest of the congregation gazed suspiciously at him. "I can't get up—I'm paralyzed."

Teacher: "Bobby, give me an example of the word 'damper'."

Bobby (after a moment's thought): "Paw says maw is too damperticular about his feet bein' wiped."

Tommy was under examination by the visiting inspector, who was questioning him regarding his reading.

"Have you read any of Dickens' works?" he asked; and was somewhat surprised to receive a negative reply. His astonishment was increased as he ran over a list of standard works, and successively received the same kind of answer. Finally he asked: "Well, what have you read?"

"I have red hair," Tommy responded eagerly.

"Willie, you must stop using such dreadful language," said his mother. "Where in the world did you learn it?"

"Why, mother," replied the boy, "Shakespeare uses it."

"Well, then," said the mother, "don't play with him."

Rastus was in the toils again for chicken stealing, and this time the efforts of his lawyers were unavailing.

"Have you anything to offer the Court before sentence is passed?" asked the Judge.

"No, sah, yer Honor," said Rastus, "ah had five dollars, but mah lawyer dun tuk it!"—Puck.

